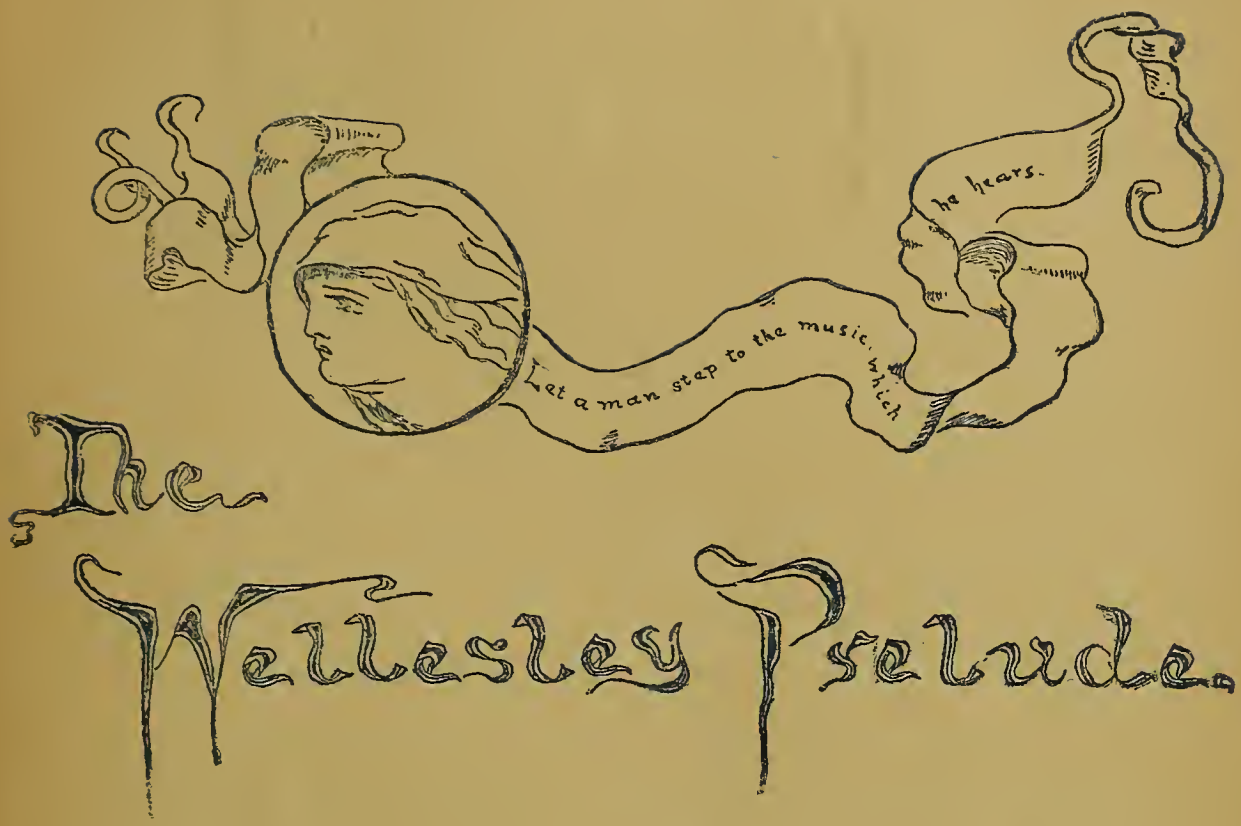


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MAY 23, 1891.

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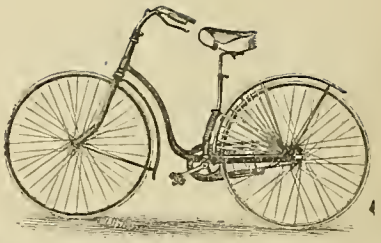

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VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., MAY 23, 1891. No. 31

## The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

*Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter*

MANY new electives are offered for next year and the task of choosing becomes more difficult than ever. New courses in Greek, Philosophy, Comparative Philology, Physics and Mathematics combine with the already established courses in those branches to offer the student ample opportunities for special work in the several directions. The new work in Mathematics is a six weeks course in Topography, open to students taking Mathematics II. Those who elect this course will be excused from Spherical Trigonometry, and will complete Course II. with Conic Sections. For students who have taken Physics I. and Junior Mathematics, a new course in Physics is opened. It begins with a study of Sound and the Theory of Music, followed by other selected subjects. All in a musical course would find this work of great interest. Several new courses in Greek have been arranged. Parallel with the present Greek II., Prof. Irvine offers a course in Herodotus, Thucydides and Aeschylus' *Persians*, with prose composition throughout the year. Course IV. comprises Aeschylus' *Septem*, Sophocles' *Philoctetes*, Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, Sophocles' *King Oedipus*, and Aristophanes' *Clouds*. Course VI., to be open to Seniors and Juniors in 1892, will be lectures on Greek Life. And, finally, a Syntactical Seminary, Course VII., is open to graduates and to undergraduates upon invitation of instructor. The Department of Comparative Philology, gives two new courses. One is a second course in Philology, arranged for non-classical students who are desirous of becoming familiar with methods of linguistic study. Students of German and English would be suitable applicants for this course. A graduate course, a special course for Graduate Students who desire to devote their time *wholly* to the scientific study of language, has also been added to the list of electives in this department. The Philosophy Department now presents an entirely new scheme of courses; the old courses have been arranged anew, and many new ones have been added. The work now presented by the department is outlined in the following list of courses.

I. Christian Ethics.
One Hour a Week. One Year.
Elective ⅔ Course. Open to Freshmen.

II. Logic. Psychology. Moral Philosophy.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Offered as Full Requirement in Philosophy, if Taken before the Senior Year.

III. Aesthetics.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Elective Requiring No Preliminary Course in Philosophy.

IV. Principles of Formal Logic. Exercises in Argumentation.
Two Hours a Week. First Semester.
Required of Juniors Who Do Not Take Course II.

Alternative Requirement for Class of '92. { V. Psychology and Moral Philosophy. VI. Psychology and Metaphysics. Three Hours a Week. One Year.

VII. History of Philosophy.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Advanced Elective.

VIII. The Scientific Basis of Theism, Opposed to Modern Positivism.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Advanced Elective.

IX. The Bible Presentation of the Origin and Destiny of Man in the Light of the Logic of Christian Evidences.
Two Hours a Week. One Year.
Advanced Elective.

X. History of Philosophy. Special Study of Great Epochs.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Advanced Elective.

XI. Application of Logic in the Development of Modern Systems of Thought.
Three Hours a Week. One Year.
Advanced Elective.
XII. English Philosophy of the 18th and 19th Centuries.
XIII. Philosophy of Religion, Developed from the History of Religions.
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XV. Seminary in Hegel's Geschichte der Philosophie.
XVI. Seminary in Constructive Metaphysics.
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---

The most important change in the Philosophy Department is the offering of the three-fold course in the Junior year as the full requirement in Philosophy. Those desiring to avail themselves of the opportunities for advanced philosophical study may take the required work in the Junior, or even in the Sophomore year. The required work may be pursued in either of the following lines: One third year of Logic together with one year of Psychology and Moral Philosophy (Course V.) or a third year Logic with one year of Psychology and Metaphysics (Course VI.) To these two familiar alternatives of required work is now added a third course (II.) consisting of one third year Logic, one third Psychology, one third Moral Philosophy. This new course is open only to those beginning philosophical study before the Senior year, since its purpose is to open the Senior year for elective work. Students who take this course of Logic, Psychology, and Moral Philosophy, in their Junior year, are not required to pursue any further work in philosophy in order to take a degree. But the purpose of the course is not to cut down the requirement of work in Philosophy but to give opportunity for taking more courses. Juniors who take the three-fold course are enabled to elect a higher course for their Senior year. Work in philosophy throughout the entire course will thus be possible.

Elective Ethics in the Freshman year will be somewhat different in character from the present required course in Ethics, serving as introduction to future study in philosophy, and familiarizing the student with the methods of orderly thought. The course in Aesthetics is a valuable one, proposed to serve to balance the work in the History of Art courses. Work in the philosophic interpretation of art with great advantage accompanies the study of historic art, and the two courses of study may now be taken together.

The History Department will offer to those students who, taking the new course in Psychology, have but fourteen periods of work during the first semester, an additional recitation in Junior History. The topics studied will be those taken up by the rest of the class. The additional recitation will simply give opportunity for more exhaustive work. But this appointment cannot be undertaken for less than fifteen students.

---

Among the many changes of next year, one which is of interest to the scientific students is the establishing of the privilege of substituting a course in science for one of the required years of language, if the first year of each language has already been taken. Thus a student who has made up five of the required six years of modern language, if she has included in the five courses both French I. and German I., may elect a science in preference to another year of language. This change will undoubtedly be of advantage to some; but it does not preceptibly relieve the great body of scientific students, who often labor at a great disadvantage under the burden of a very large amount of required work. The possibility of more elective work for scientific students is one of the benefits we must look to the future to bestow.

---

## THE NEW ENGLAND INTER-COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual May business meeting and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association will be held at the Glendower, Springfield, Mass., May 27, at 8 P. M. The banquet will follow the business meeting. At least one delegate from each editorial board is expected to be present. According to the constitution adopted at the May meeting of the Association, 1890, the officers of the Association shall be elected at the convention held in May of each year. The objects of the Association are "the furtherance of literary interest, the elevation of the standard of college journalism and the promotion of social intercourse among the editorial staffs." Its growth and success depend

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Come with me to one of the old sea-port towns of New England, a half a century ago populous and thrifty, but now a quiet little town with no more important event happening within its borders than the arrival of a ship now and then, or the weekly issue of the town paper, especially interesting for the gossip it contains.

Do you see huddling on the beach that little, low shanty that looks as if it might be blown to pieces any moment? You notice that most of the blinds are torn off; several window-panes are broken; the front door has not even a handle, to say nothing of a door-bell; the steps are so shattered that you would want your life insured before attempting to ascend them; and the roof is sunken and threatens to fall in.

"Of course this house is unoccupied," you say.

But there you are mistaken, my friend. It is occupied and the inmate is even more shattered than the hut itself. Wait here behind this thicket, and we shall surely see her in a little while. There! did you see her peering out of the window just now? She will come out in a minute. The back door is opening, and here she comes hobbling along, leaning on a stout stick. Her dress is old and tattered, once gray, but now almost black; she wears a large hood, which almost conceals her little wrinkled face, and a shawl is thrown carelessly about her. You can hear her muttering to herself, and her eyes are bright with a wild light. She sees us, and is coming toward us. But don't be afraid; she is perfectly harmless. She stops, and looks at us; then, muttering something that sounds like "No, he hasn't come yet," she slowly hobbles on her way.

"Who is she, and where did she come from?" you ask. Wait patiently and I will tell you her story.

She is called "Old Lucy." Her name is Lucy Lenox. Forty years ago, Lucy Lenox was the belle of this town, and as lovely as the loveliest. Her mother was dead, and she and her father lived all alone in the old family mansion, in the most fashionable part of the town. Mr. Lenox was a cold, crusty, elderly man, entirely absorbed in his business, spending even his evenings in his office. He was not very fond of his daughter, for she was just like her mother, and his life with her had been very unhappy. So Lucy had grown up motherless, and without a father's care and advice, and had become a bright, beautiful girl, full of life and fond of gaiety.

The best youths of the town had each in turn been devoted, but she had refused them all. People said she enjoyed breaking hearts, but they little knew her. Lucy was in love with a sailor, one of the crew on a ship that frequently came to this port. She knew her father's hard nature, his aristocratic ideas, and his utter inability to understand her. She knew that, if he ever discovered this love of hers, she would win his greatest displeasure, and be separated from her lover forever. So, to conceal her heart from him, she plunged into gaieties and frivolities, seeming to her father to have not a serious thought, while all the time her passion was growing and deepening, and becoming a part of her life.

Robert Lansing, the young sailor, was a tall, handsome fellow, with a frank, pleasant manner, and roguish brown eyes. He had, however, one serious fault—a thirst for gold. For that he had left his home far away, and gone to seek his fortune. Nobody in town knew who he was, nor how he had met Lucy, but they saw him frequently going to her home in the evening. Mr. Lenox knew nothing of it, for every evening he stayed in his office till late.

One evening Robert told Lucy that his ship was to leave for a long voyage in two days; and she went to her room with a sad heart. When she awoke the next morning it was with an indescribable sense of dread and of impending sorrow. She couldn't account for it; she tried to shake it off, but it clung to her all the day. It was a beautiful spring day; the returned birds were visiting their old haunts with cheerful song, the grass was fresh and green, and the air was laden with sweetness.

Lucy wandered all about the great estate among the old trees and shrubs, trying to find pleasure in the gladness of nature.

The sun was beginning to sink in the west when she went into the house. She was laying aside her bonnet and cape when Dinah, her old nurse and for years the trusty old servant of the family, came to her with a troubled expression on her face, and said,

"Yo' pappy is dreffle troubl'd 'bout sunfin', honey, an' he wants to see you immegiately. I hope he won't be cross to you, dearie."

Lucy went, scarcely knowing what she was doing, trembling like a leaf with fear for she knew not what. One look at her father, and she knew that her secret was known. He stood with his white lips compressed, his hands nervously twitching, and his whole frame quivering with anger. She rushed to him with pleading eyes; she fell at his feet. He moved quickly away, and, after waiting a minute to control his voice, said, "I know it all. You have disgraced my name. If you ever dare to speak to that low-born scoundrel again, you leave my house."

"O father," began Lucy.

"Stop," cried the impassioned man. "Never call me 'father' again. You have broken the last bond between us by your conduct."

With these words he strode from the room, leaving his beautiful daughter completely stunned by the interview.

After Lucy had recovered herself she went to her room, and seating herself at her desk wrote: "Meet me under the old elm-tree back of our house at nine this evening. Let nothing prevent." Summoning the trusty Dinah, she gave the note to her, and sent her to the boat with it.

How long that evening seemed! Each moment was an hour to Lucy. However, her thoughts were busy, and she had planned out her course of action. At last nine o'clock came; and slipping out of the house by the side door, she stole through the shrubbery to the old tree. Robert was already there; and there in the darkness and gloom of the night, she told him all. He listened with intense feeling till she had finished her story; then, drawing her close to him, he said, "My darling, we must never part. You shall never be separated from me. We will flee—flee together to my old home in the west. Your father knows nothing about me, and we can never be found."

So they arranged their flight. They were to meet the next night at a lonely spot near the adjoining town, drive from there to Boston, and then take the train for the west. With fond words and assurances they parted; and though the excitement was intense, Lucy slept well, with her heart full of the sweet knowledge that she was loved by him whom she adored.

A week after this, there was considerable excitement in the old Lenox house, for Miss Lucy was lying at the point of death. She had gone at the appointed time to the place agreed upon for their meeting, and waited there all night alone; for Robert Lansing did not appear. At daylight she went home, and in a few hours was out of her head in a raging fever. Brain fever was the result of the terrible mental agony of that night, and of her long exposure to the chill night air; and her life was in jeopardy. Her father began to relent when the doctor told him that his daughter could not recover; he even went to her room one morning; but she shrieked when she saw him and begged the nurse to take him away.

She did not die. It would have been better if she had, but a sadder fate was awaiting her. Slowly her strength began to return, and little by little she regained her wonted health; but her nature seemed to have been completely changed in that time. She sat alone day after day looking out of her window. She saw her father occasionally, but never ate a meal with him, or said more than a few words. A hard, wilful expression was in her eyes, and she was distant even to old Dinah.

Lucy was striving all this time to answer the question why her lover had not kept his word. She never thought of blaming him; she was sure it was not his fault. Once, as she was thinking about it, it flashed across her mind that her father was the cause of his neglect; this impression grew upon her. She could stand it no longer. One morning, calling Dinah to her, she told her about it, and concluded with: "Now, Dinah, I know by your eyes that you know something about this. I command you to tell me."

"Well, chile, Dinah knows she must mind you

when you talk dat way, an' she'll tell you. Yo' pappy went to Massa Robert de mornin' arter his talk wid you, an' tole him dat if he would leave you alone, he'd giv' 'im a han'some sum o' money. An' dat's how it happ'n'd, honey. He was bribed by yo' pappy."

As the truth was told to Lucy, her eyes flashed with fire, and she looked dangerous as she told Dinah to leave the room. Quickly dressing in a street costume, and putting in a little bag all her jewels and a large amount of money which she had in her room, she left the house, the first time since that dreadful night. By hurrying, she caught the stage on its way to Boston, and disappeared from the town.

Ten years passed. Her father, broken down with shame, died before having time to make an extensive search for Lucy; distant relatives came and claimed the property; by degrees Lucy came to be almost forgotten.

One day at the end of ten years, a crazy woman came to the place and took up her abode in this little house by the shore. She was recognized by some as Lucy Lenox, though there was scarcely a trace of her former appearance. There she has lived for thirty years. They say that, after wandering about for two or three years after her departure, she was found to be insane and taken to a hospital, where she remained several years, and then escaped; but nobody knows. She troubles nobody. She has lived there alone all these years, every day going out and sitting on the rocks by the shore, watching for him to come. She has never lost faith in him, but is constantly and anxiously waiting for him. She thinks he is coming yet.

*M., '93.*

## VERSES FOR A CHILD.

### I.

MORNING ECHOES.

The maiden May brings laughing violet-meads,
And starry bluets follow just behind,
With dandelions and all their cousin weeds,
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

The king-cup lifts its chalice to the sun,
And lady-slippers daintily designed
Across the woodland ways and coverts run,
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

The maple-buds and curlèd ferns are out,
To greet the May they're graciously inclined,
The wingèd bees and beetles are about,
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

The bobolinks are coming on the wing,
The meadow-larks and thrushes you may find,
The robins long ago began to sing,
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

The silver-breasted swallow builds his nest,
To stay awhile the blackbird has a mind,
The purple jay is chattering his best
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

Dear Mother Nature smiles the live-long day,
And Father Phœbus looks extremely kind,
For every childling's safely out at play,
And the little grass is nodding in the wind.

### II.

SLUMBER-SONG.

A little brook goes singing to the sea,
A little brook, with motion fair and free
It whispers to the grasses growing nigh,
Lullaby, lullaby.

A little bird goes winging through the wood,
A little bird, he seeks his nestling brood,
And through the tender twilight comes his cry,
Lullaby, lullaby.

A little breeze goes dancing through the leaves,
A little breeze, its music interweaves
With song of brook and bird in soft reply,
Lullaby, lullaby.

A little child goes drifting into dream,
A little child, the stars of evening gleam,
And Mother Nature croons through earth and sky,
Lullaby, lullaby.

*L. C. B.*, '91.

## A TANGLED FATE.

AFTER "PASTELS IN PROSE."

'Twas midnight and the world was fast asleep. None, save the rude, would wake and stir the night by glances on her sweet and passive face, but a little babeling, in stately world court-manners yet untrained, pushed into the drowsy world, and cried into her ear.

The willow tree shook her long, disheveled hair from off her cold, green eyes, but closed them soon again:

"I have naught to do with thee as yet; across thy grave, I perhaps may weave a sheltering shroud," she said.

The three, grim Fates were slumbering on a grassy couch. There had been so many threads to cut that day, such long ones too! And the old, brown hag who measured off the lines, in sleep half sighed:

"These dreary mortals ask so much, methinks our flax will soon give out."

The golden staff with flaxen thread, all tangled in the silver shears, lay nestling in the grass, and each was covered by the dew. A feeble cry stirred once more the Ether's resting wave.

"Another mortal," sighed the three, and each one oped an eye, "Oh, we soon with him can deal!"

One the tangled skein upheld, nor noted through her half-closed eye that the thread was doubled, snarling too. The second caught the dew-tipped shears and cut, while the third was slumbering still.

The distaff fell, and with a crash the jewelled shears, and ere the moon had passed a second cloud, the Fates were fast asleep, and only an owl on a walnut tree was left awake to watch the new-born babe. . . . . .

The owl long since has flown from his perch: the flaxless distaff and the dew-dried, rusted shears repose on the crimson plush in a museum's cold glass case, and no one knows where the withered crones are fled.

But the luckless child is followed by a tangled fate, double-faced as the oracle's ode; whatever he does, whatever he says has a tangled way, whatever he writes; if poems, they're naught but prose, if prose, it has a touch of wayward verse.

The nurse has never said, but I think that babe was I. *H. W. R., '92.*

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## CHIEFLY TO SENIORS.

The giving of advice, especially to Seniors, is unpardonable: exhortations are harrowing and often useless: pleas are too pathetic: what form of expression best lends itself to what I wish to say I scarcely know. Perhaps a plain statement of fact is best of all.

I have not been able to learn exactly what proportion of the class of '91 expects to teach next year. Chance observations lead to the conclusion that the number is not small. That is a creditable fact, for it means enthusiasm for work, desire for independence, and numberless other good qualities. But it does not seem to me an unmixed good.

Most of those who graduate have had seven years or more of consecutive study in their preparatory and college work. Some have been to school from the days of their babyhood up. It is time, or more than time, for them to have a Sabbatical year. For if a Sabbatical year is a good thing for older and wearier people, it is a better thing for young and vigorous people who have not lost their first fresh strength and do not wish to lose it. We should be planning to be healthier, stronger women at forty than we are at twenty, at sixty than we are at forty. We cannot accomplish that unless we not only avoid breaking down early, but stop far short of the precipice.

Physically then, a year of rest would be a good thing for most of us. Intellectually, it would be quite as valuable. The threads one leaves at loose ends during one's college course are sufficient of themselves to require some time for tying up. Beside that, our courses of study are necessarily not exhaustive. If you have had two courses in literature—say the one in English prose before the nineteenth century, and the one in nineteenth century poetry, you are scarcely qualified to teach literature until you have read thoroughly Mediæval poetry and nineteenth century prose. You have learned to study literature, you have or can get the outlines of the work you wish to do; but the actual reading takes time, and you have no right to burden your first year of teaching with it. So of other courses: though in mathematics and the languages this question is somewhat less pertinent. But in general it is true that we need time to become thoroughly well acquainted with our minds, and sure of what we know; especially is this true if we expect to use our minds for the enlightenment of others.

So far as the mere teaching is concerned, it is an exceptional student who is ready to do it at once. Teaching is an art. Perhaps it is the greatest art. It demands that we not only know

a subject thoroughly, but that we know the clearest, most attractive, most satisfying way of presenting it. We have not even had the advantage of a course in Pedagogy this year. And it is doubtful if that course is any more valuable than what is within our reach, if we will take time for it—namely the study of methods used by teachers. We might have been studying the methods of our own teachers for the last four years; but most of us have thought less of the teacher's side of the work than of our own. In any event, the visiting of classes in our schools at home, at our friends' homes, in available colleges and normal schools, would extend our knowledge of methods not a little, and need by no means prevent us from using our own methods if we find them unequalled. It is not a bad plan to include Kindergartens in our visitations, for we may find that is the province which belongs to us. Certainly there is no more attractive or useful work than that.

Quite aside from the question of teaching, the question of staying at home is not to be neglected. College girls have been out of home atmosphere most of the time for four years, at least. It is not always easy to go back into it. But a woman who has lost the accomplishment of living at home, being happy there, and helping to make her family happy, will make a one-sided teacher at best. I do not think any of us would call her an ideal woman.

If the necessity for immediate self-labor is absolute, there is nothing more to be said, except that all honor is due to the girls who meet that necessity gladly, and go on with their work spite of disadvantages. But the cases of absolute necessity are so very few! Have you not heard it repeatedly said, "Oh yes! my family want me at home—or are very willing to have me stay there next year—but I think I want to teach." Let us beware that we do not fall into the mistake of preferring the few luxuries teaching may bring to us or our homes, to that rarest luxury of having time to enjoy the friendships of fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. The American sin of getting money in preference to all things has developed enough without our lending even the shadow of sanction to it.

It is a good thing for a college girl to come into immediate sympathy with women who are working and living in the home-world. It helps both ways: those who are at home need our history, our literature, perhaps even our science, domestic and otherwise, to bring the relief of new thoughts and aspirations: I am sure we need their practical wisdom as much. We want to help them solve the Domestic Problem—which should be written in the largest capitals, and demands all the wisdom, theoretical and practical, that the mind of woman can bring to bear on it. And that is only one thread in the net-work of useful puzzles.

When we know what we wish to do, of course endless delay is not a good thing. But without much trouble we can find women who spent one, two, three or more years at home after finishing their college work, and have made better teachers for it. If our inspiration to teach cannot abide by us while we take the rest we need, it cannot be very deep-seated. If I were asked what I thought the most prominent fault to be found with the typical Wellesley girl, I should say her insistence upon perpetually "doing something." For her, idleness—in the sense of lacking definite, pressing work—would sometimes be a virtue. For unless outward activity is balanced by inward growth a collapse is inevitable.

*May Estelle Cook, '88.*

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## IN MEMORIAM.

With the coming of the early summer, it has been one of our choicest privileges for years, to welcome to her home in our midst, one venerable in years, and noble in character. In sweetest dignity and most gracious courtesy she came in and out before us, a constant object lesson of ideal womanhood.

Always kindly attentive to those advanced in years, she was also so keenly in sympathy with the young, as to be to all a most delightful and instructive companion. But now our hearts are filled with sorrow, for she will come to us no more. Our dear Mrs. Fowle—who through all the years of Wellesley College, has watched the growth and development of this grand and good work of her beloved children, Mr. and Mrs. Durant, and has

taken such a deep interest in the possibilities of the young lives that fill from year to year these College halls—has gone forever from these her favorite earthly haunts. In the early springtide she was called up higher, and we shall see her queenly form and beautiful face no more in our Chapel and other College services, nor meet her in her daily drives. But in our sorrow we can say "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and congratulate our beloved friend on her entrance into the life immortal.

Mrs. Fowle has long been the head of a noble house, and in her immediate family who now mourn her loss, she was the honored "link among the days, that knit the generations each with each," who in turn have arisen to call her blessed.

Through all her years she has been a private and public benefactor. From the beginning of her early married life, when with her husband, Col. Fowle, she helped lay the foundation of the first Presbyterian Church in Chicago—then only a small military post—to the very end of her long life, her influence and prayers were given to the upbuilding of the cause of her Master Whom she so earnestly loved and served. A lovely, faithful, consistent, Christian life has gone from our midst, but

"Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ear can reach;
But there's an inward spriritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongue be dust."

*One of her many friends.*

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## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, May 17, Dr. W. J. Beecher, of Auburn Theological Seminary, preached in the Chapel, taking his text from Daniel 3: 16-18, "Shadrack, Meshack and Abednego answered and said unto the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us out of the fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, May 16, an interesting and thoughtful lecture was given in the Chapel by Miss Vida D. Scudder. The subject as announced was Christian Socialism, but, as treated by Miss Scudder, was a discussion of the probable effect of socialism upon the development of character. All acknowledge, even the opponents of socialism, that socialism will set man free in economics as the reformation set him free in religion, by the distribution of material wealth on the basis of need. But will socialism develop in man a noble personality? This is what many wise theorists deny. They assert that the power of the individual springs from conflict with destiny; and therefore, when there is no longer this incentive in life, the noble virtues, courage, endurance, industry, charity, and self-sacrifice will die a natural death, and will be succeeded by a negative, passive virtue, the inevitable result of the mechanism of dull monotony which will ensue. But the best work of a community is not done through a desire of money or the fear of starvation. By removing these two incentives, that indolence which is due to physical or nervous exhaustion will also be removed, and by providing for the material needs of the race a higher average of physique, as a basis for growth of character will result. And futhermore there will be left to man higher incentives,—the delight in mere activity, the consciousness of creative power, the mighty desire of praise, and the joy of service. To these need not be added the danger of starvation. That the character developed by socialism would be strong, pure, and progressive, is proved by a consideration of the conditions favorable to the production of great men. Our great men do not spring from the ranks of the very poor—for there life is starved, nor from the ranks of the very rich—for there life is stifled; but from the great middle class, who are not urged on by insisting hunger, but enjoy comparative freedom from material anxieties. Socialism does not imply absolute equality, but the best social conditions for the majority of the race; it will eliminate not work, but worry; it will not do away with the sterner elements of character, but will set it free by lifting it into higher regions and giving to it a fuller scope. Incentives to crime will be reduced to a minimum. There will be no cessation of struggle and trials, no sinless world, no Utopia, no equality of intellectual powers; but the struggle will be placed on a higher plane, and civilization will be freed from the hampering, dominant conscionsness of material need. The higher interests of art, painting, poetry, science, and philosophy, will be given free scope and a new impetus, and intellectual activily will be multiplied. Will socialism produce a better race of men? The removal of incentive to crime does not, it is true, create virtue, but it has been shown by the whole course of history that environment effects character. Socialism

will develop man from without, as Christianity develops him from within. Evolution has produced all its miracles against conflict, and socialism is the next phase in the lifting of man from the brute to the infinite.

* * *

On the evening of May twelfth Professor Andrew Dickson White, Ex-president of Cornell University, lectured in the Chapel on "The Influence of American Ideas upon the French Revolution." This was one of a series of lectures upon the causes in general of the French Revolution. During the reign of Louis XVI, the French people were feverishly excited by unformed, vague dreams of a republic. Their ideas of liberty and reform were, however, visionary rather than practical, and this practical direction was given to them by American influence. The Americah revolution involving such questions as taxation based upon representation and the downfall of arbitrary rule, crystallized the idea of liberty and prepared the way for the French revolution. Upon the minds of two Frenchmen it made a profound impression, and these men were Voltaire and Rousseau. Besides the general influence exerted by the revolution in this country, special influences from America were felt in France. Two Americans gained a personal power over the thoughts of Frenchmen; these were Franklin and Jefferson. Appearing in the French court in simple republican dress, Franklin made a striking contrast to the splendor about him, and his noble manhood won him honor which it was not merely a fleeting fashion to render to him, but lasted throughout his life. Under his direction the American constitutions were translated into French and the leaven began to work. Turgot adopted Franklin's methods and worked for the education of the people and their freedom from the shackles of trade. Champfort called America the seat of the most beautiful government in the world, and satirizes bitterly the condition of things in France, where "the right of the people is to say foolish things and the right of the cabinet is to do them." At Franklin's death his high place in France was proved by a great outburst of admiration. There was a reciprocal influence between Jefferson and the leaders of the French Revolution. Under Jefferson's influence Lafayette united himself with the third estate; under Jefferson's influence the States General became a national assembly, and the Girondists absorbed Jefferson's one idea for the United States, the idea of state sovereignty. The imputation that Jefferson had correspondence with Robespierre is, however, unfounded.

On Wednesday evening Professor White continued his lecture on the Influence of American ideas on the French Revolution. The French officers who returned from participation in the American revolution helped to shape French thought. Lafayette, Rochambeau, Ségur saw the benefits and beauties of political equality, and the French Declaration of Rights bears a startling resemblance to ours—"Nature has made man free and equal," etc. The French soldiery were familiarized, likewise, with the ideas of liberty, equality and revolution, and interest and enthusiasm were aroused among the French youth. French men travelled in America and filled their home newspapers with glowing accounts of the robust patriotism and toleration found in America. Brissot in "de Warville," published on the eve of the revolution, gives an idealized picture of the United States and was the first to speak the dreadful word "republic," while Robespierre was still content with the idea of a limited monarchy. At this time a play was presented to the French public which despite its absurd exaggerations of the character of our national hero, Washington, and of American political assemblies, served to arouse unwonted enthusiasm for our republican institutions and the manhood thereby nourished. The American influence in this crisis of French political life is a source of just pride; it created in France an enthusiasm for better forms of government. That influence was co-ordinate with the greatness of that Revolution and ceases when the Revolution degenerates. This history has a lesson to impart to the America of to-day. The influence of the United States were gained by close unity on great principles; it is lost by division of sentiment. The needs of America to-day are civil service reform, that there shall be time for public duties, and that proper relations may exist between constituents and their representatives, and between our executive and legislative departments; greater care in state legislation; and, thirdly, a profounder sense of municipal importance. These conditions fulfilled, the fundamental ideas of our system of government ought to and shall rule the world.

* * *

On Monday evening, May 18, Miss Mary E. O'Brion, of the Wellesley School of Music, gave a most delightful Piano Recital in the Chapel. The cordial greeting of the audience testified their appreciation of the artist's talent. The following programme was rendered:

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|---|---|
| Bach, | Italian Concerto, first movement,<br>Three-part Invention in D.<br>Gavotte from Third English Suite. |
| Padarewski, | Minuet. |
| Mendelssohn, | Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35, No. 1. |
| Schumann, | Fantasie, Op. 17.<br>Appassionato, Moderato ad Energico,<br>Andante. |
| Raff, | Frühlingsnahen,<br>Abends,<br>Ohne Ruh. |

| | |
|---|---|
| Chopin, | Berceuse, Ballade, Op. 47. |
| Lassen-Liszt, | "Löse Himmel, meine Seele." |
| Scharwenka, | Valse Impromptu. |

The Bach numbers, which would be appreciated by comparatively few audiences, were finely executed and received enthusiastic applause. The second number Paderewski's "Minuet" offered marked contrast to the first, and was exquisitely executed, the delicacy of touch finely bringing out the beauty of the selection. Raff's numbers were beautiful; the joyous, happy feeling which always comes with the drawing near of spring was aptly expressed in "Frühlingsnahen," and it was one of the most pleasing features of the program. The calmness of evening was well described in "Abends," while the "Ohne Ruh" was wonderfully well rendered. The Berceuse and Ballade by Chopin, though very familiar, were most enjoyable. Some of the finest work of the evening was done in the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue, and the Schumann Fantasie. The broad finale of the Fugue was very effective after the plainer, but well defined exposition. The Fantasie required the deepest expression, and wonderful feeling was shown in the second movement and the whole piece was performed in an artistic manner. The Lassen-Liszt Transcription, so well known but always so acceptable, closed a most delightful concert. The Knabe piano, which has in previous years given so much dissatisfaction to many artists, was used; it is now practically new, and should be appreciated by all musical audiences.

* * *

A TALK was given on Wednesday, May 13, at the Art Buildng, by Mrs. Whitman, of Boston, on Household Art. Household Art pre-supposes a knowledge of art in general, and is based upon its first principles, namely, having an idea and working it out. The first idea suggested by the thought of a house is that of hospitality. This is secured by giving to it an air of repose and welcome. The first room, that is, the hall, should give the clue to the character of the whole house, and other rooms should simply amplify that idea. All things put into the house should harmonize with this one idea. There must be *organic* connection between the different parts of the house. The second characteristic of a house should be individuality, but caution must be used in the expression of personal tastes. In the working out of the idea, fitness, adaptability for use, and the impression to be conveyed must be considered. There should be no deceptions, no shams, but truthfulness and naturalness. Simplicity is the greatest safeguard. A thing should be as nearly as possible what it seems to be. The essential principles, which should regulate the carrying out of the main idea, are, that the floors should be flat, the stairs light, and the background distinct from the foreground. It is a problem to decide what the background shall be, and how to keep it subordinate. A room need not necessarily have a distinctive color, but should have a harmonious variety. There is, however, a great abuse of variety; the arrangement should be such that everything is united with everything. In color, the background determines that of other things; if dark, it is not necessarily gloomy, and it brings out the brilliancy of the foreground. It must in all cases be of a rich, quiet design. In closing her talk, Mrs. Whitman paid a tribute to the Japanese, by showing how they were supreme in the domain of Household Art.

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THE first play of the year took place in the gymnasium, last Saturday evening, May 16. It was "Love's Labour's Lost," given by the Shakespeare Society. The stage was one mass of green,—the trees and foliage gracefully arranged so as to represent a diminutive forest of Navarre. There was no change of scenery throughout. The actors passed to and fro, without long intervals between the acts to mar the unity, without even the the regulation curtain to take away from the simplicity of the whole. Miss Helen Pierce, the president of the society, welcomed the audience, and refreshed their memory with a brief outline of the comedy; then the king and his three lords appeared from behind the bushes, and the play began. Simplicity was the characteristic of the acting, as of the scenery. Even Don Armado, the fantastical Spaniard, did not overdo a part which would easily have been overdone. The comedy is one especially adapted to amateurs, for, unlike most plays where there are one or two principal characters and the others comparatively insignificant, here there is an even distribution of parts, so that the success depends upon all rather than upon one. With Biron, however, the play has most to do, and Miss Spaulding's interpretation of his character did not disappoint those who had the highest expectations. There was none of that feeling of incongruity which is always present when the part of a woman is taken by a man, and often present when the part of a man is taken by a woman. Biron was manly but not mannish. It is hard to select those who deserve most praise, when the parts were universally well sustained. Miss Palmer showed keen appreciation of Shakespeare's wit, in her presentation of a character extremely difficult to present. Miss Emerson gave a marked individuality to the king, who is usually regarded merely as the shadow of Biron. The ladies, too, were by no means commonplace court ladies. From the dignified princess of France to the ridiculous little page Moth, all

did their share in making the pretty artistic love-story a success. The characters were taken as follows:

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|---|---|
| Ferdinand, King of Navarre | Miss Alice Emerson. |
| Biron, Longaville, Dumain, } Lords attending on the King | Miss Margarita Spalding. Miss Sallie Reed. Miss Elizabeth R. Kellogg. |
| Boyet, Mercade, } Lords attending on the Princess of France | Miss Candace Stimson. Miss Lurena Webster. |
| Don Adriano de Armado, a fantastical Spaniard | Miss Sarah Bock. |
| Sir Nathaniel, a Curate | Miss Jean Evans. |
| Holofernes, a Schoolmaster | Miss Bertha Palmer. |
| Dull, a Constable, | Miss Sophie Thorne. |
| Costard, a Clown, | Miss Helen Cook. |
| Moth, Page to Armado | Miss Caroline Newman. |
| Princess of France | Miss Clara Look. |
| Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, } Ladies attending on the Princess | Miss Elizabeth Wardwell. Miss Agnes Holbrook. Miss Elizabeth White |
| Jaquenetta, a Country Wench | Miss Cornelia Green. |

## COLLEGE NOTES.

### BULLETIN.

Sunday morning, May 24.—Service in the Chapel led by Rev. E. W. Donald, of New York City.

Sunday evening, May 24.—Senior Vesper Service in the Chapel.

Monday afternoon, May 25.—Junior social in the Gymnasium in honor of the Sophomore class.

Monday evening, May 25.—Concert in the Town Hall by the Wellesley College Glee and Banjo Club.

Saturday evening, May 30.—Regular Meeting of the Shakespeare Society and of Phi Sigma.

Sunday morning, May 31.—Service in the Chapel led by Rev. Henry Van Dyke of New York City.

Sunday evening May 31.—Union Prayer Meeting of the Senior Class addressed by Miss Calkins.

Monday evening, June 1.—Concert in the Chapel by the Students of the School of Music.

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Miss Mary Stewart, student at Wellesley '84-'88, Mrs Amanda Ross Richmond, student at Wellesley '87-'89, and Miss Ruth Morrill, Miss Anna Arnold and Miss Etta Parker, of '90, spent last Sunday at Wellesley. Miss Alice Brewster, '89, spent Friday night of last week at Norumbega.

The exact amount cleared for the Chapel Fund Association by the Glee Club Concert of May 11, is $325.

There are about twenty-five private boats now in use on the lake. The number increases every year.

All those who have heard Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's lectures in former years will be glad to know that he is to be at the College again next month. Mr. Mabie will give two lectures, one on Tuesday evening, June second, on "Personality in Literature," and a second one on Wednesday afternoon, June third, on "Sources of Literature."

Through the kindness of one of the members of the faculty, the money for the Alaska home has now reached the amount of $200. This, together with the $150 raised by Dana Hall, is sufficient to build a house in Alaska.

At the request of the villagers the Glee and Banjo Club is to repeat the concert of May 11, in the Wellesley Town Hall on Monday evening, May 25. The concert is given to help in raising money to build an Episcopal Chapel in the village.

The tennis tournament will be finished as soon as the players have had time to get in practice. Beside the championship in singles, the second prize in singles is yet to be won, and the first prize in doubles. Three matches must be played before the second prize singles are finished. The first prize doubles lie between Miss Parker '91, Miss Thayer '92, and Miss Bailey, '91, Miss Anna Wilkinson, '92.

As summer draws near, and sitting on the ground no longer means a severe cold, some of the teachers have yielded to the entreaties of the students to hold recitations out of doors on the college campus, instead of in the accustomed rooms. Trees and flowers are much more inspiring than desks and black-boards, and pleasure combined with duty makes duty itself pleasant.

A LEGENDA picnic was the event of Friday afternoon of last week. Knowing that recreation ought always to follow toil, the LEGENDA editors resolved to do their duty. At four o'clock the party and its chaperone started out in Bailey's wagonette, with two of the fastest horses in Wellesley to draw it. Fort Norumbega was their destination. At the foot of the fort they took their lunch, and spent the rest of the two hours in the tower, or down by the bank of the Charles.

The sketching class which has met in the Art Building every Monday during the winter term, meets now out-doors on Saturday afternoons. The painting includes both landscapes and sketches from life. Prof. Ritter has promised to take the class on a sketching expedition, on some afternoon when the weather is warm enough.

The rage for being out of doors has gone so far that several of the tables at College Hall have taken their dinner across the lake and eaten it there in true gypsy style. The loveliest time of day now comes just when the dinner-bell calls every-one indoors, and it is refreshing to be able to change the dining-room of College Hall for the shores of Lake Waban.

Dr. Willis S. Beecher, who led service in the Chapel last Sunday morning, gave two lectures on the preceding Friday afternoon at 2.20 and at 4 o'clock. His subjects were "The Period of the Judges," and "Messianic Prophecy." The lectures were given before the Freshman and Sophomore classes, in connection with their Bible work.

At the union prayer-meeting of the Senior class, last Sunday evening, Miss Scudder gave them a practical talk on what they should do after leaving college. She pointed out the faults which college girls were apt to have, and showed the lines of work which lay before them. After her talk to the Seniors she spoke to the section of her Bible class which has been making a study of "Modern Song." She told them about the life and work of Cardinal Newman, and read parts of one of his poems.

An invitation has been extended to all students of the College to attend an exhibition, given in Boston under the auspices of the Appalachian Mountain Club. It consists of the Geographical Collection of the Brooklyn Institute. The exhibition has been open during the greater part of this month at the Winslow Skating Rink, Clarendon Street, Boston, and will close the thirtieth of May. The collection includes all varieties of Geographical Appliances, chiefly for educational purposes, such as wall-maps, atlases, globes, models, views, diagrams, text-books, etc. It is comparable to the collection made by the Royal Geographical Society, and exhibited in London a few years ago. The materials have been given to the Institute by all the leading publishers in this country and Europe.

Miss Emma S. Howe, of the School of Music, gave a pupil's recital in Mason and Hamlin Hall, Boston, last Monday evening. She was assisted by Mr. C. N. Allen, violinist, Miss Ellen Berg, pianiste, and Mr. C. H. Whittier, organist. Miss Maud Gilchrist, of the Botany Department, Miss Mae Alden, '91, and Miss Caroline Frost, '92, represented her pupils at Wellesley. Miss Cornelia Rosa, '91, was to have been of the number, but was prevented by illness. The hall was so crowded that there was hardly standing room, and the audience was enthusiastic as well as large. About a dozen of the Wellesley faculty and students went in to Boston for the concert, and felt well repaid for their trouble.

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A REMARKABLE volume will soon be presented to the Harvard University library. It contains manuscript copies of all the commencement programmes of the college from 1780 to 1890, and specimens of the order of commencement exercises at intervals from the first graduation in 1642 to the Revolutionary war.—*Ex.*

## AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

THE members of the Alumnæ Association intending to be present at Commencement will be entertained as guests of the College from the afternoon of Monday, June 22, till the following Thursday morning. Each is requested to notify the Secretary of the College, before June 13, of the date of her arrival and the length of her proposed visit; also, on reaching College Hall, to register the above facts promptly, together with her name and class. Arrangements can be made for any who wish to come earlier than Monday, or to extend their stay beyond the period specified.

THE fourth annual meeting of the Southern Wellesley Association was held on May 7, 1891, at the Wellesley School, Louisville, Ky. There was a business meeting in the afternoon, at which eight members were present. In the absence of both President and Vice-President, the meeting was presided over by Miss Leila McKee, '86. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Mary P. Young, '90; Vice-president, Miss Lilian Johnson; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss May Stone; Executive Council, Miss Young, '90, Miss Stone, ex officio, Mrs. W. D. McClinteck, Miss Leila McKee, '86, Miss Jennie A. Gillman, '85. Letters of greeting were read from President Shafer, Mrs. Mc Clinteck, President of the Association, and Miss Lilian Johnson, Vice-President. The most important business was the decision of the Association to make every effort to raise $7,000 to establish a scholarship in Wellesley College for the benefit of poor Southern girls A social meeting was held in the evening with twelve members present. Miss Mary P. Young presided as toast mistress. After an elaborate dinner, the following toasts were given:

The Southern Wellesley Association,
Miss Leila McKee, '86.
Alma Mater, Miss Mary Young, '90.
Wellesley's Nurseries, Miss J. A. Gillman, '85.
The Wellesley Girl as a Teacher,
Miss Margaret Anderson.
Our Work as College Women,
Miss Mattie Castlemasn.
Effect of Northern Ideas on Southern Girls,
Miss May R. Woodruff.
Higher Education and Matrimony,
Miss Amy Thomas.

The delightful meeting was brought to a close by al uniting in the College cheer.

## MARRIED.

ANDREWS-HALE—At Rochester, N. Y., May 22nd, Clara Louise Andrews, '85, to William Barton Hale.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

### An Historical Error.

They called our forefathers "golden haired,"
But I think 'twas for good manners,
For old Hengist and Horsa always bore
A white horse on their banners.

*The Red and Blue.*

Young man of many undertakings: "I have decided upon a vocation at last, father."

Disgusted parent: "Are you sure it is a *vocaiton* and not a *vacation* this time, my boy?" *Ex.*

Where last summer's breezes are
The north wind, winter's herald, whistles shrill
His call o'er snow-clad field and frozen rill.
Deep in thy heart, secure from winter's harm,
Last summer's breezes hide, and keep it warm.

*Cornell Era.*

### A Mixed Catastrophe.

Puer ex Jersey
lens ad school,
Videt in meadow
Infestus mule.

Ille approaches
O magnus sorrow,
Puer it skyward,
Funus ad-morrow.

MORAL

Qui sensit a thing
Non ei well known,
Est bene for him
Relinque id alone.—*Ex.*

## INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

Boston University has been presented with a new astronomical observatory.—*Ex.*

The Yale seniors have voted to wear cap and gown for class day this year.

The council of the University of the City of New York propose to move that institution to a site near Kings Bridge, New York.

The University of Pennsylvania will soon have dormitories, plans for the buildings having been selected.—*Ex.*

Dr. Roland P. Falkner has been elected professor of statistics in the University of Pennsylvania. This is the first professorship of statistics established in any American university.

It is reported that William Waldorf Astor has promised to give $1,000,000 to endow a negro university at Oklahama.

The college in Rockbridge county, Va., founded by George Washington, has educated thirty-seven governors, eighty United States Senators, and thirty-one college presidents.

An association has been formed of alumni for the purpose of aiding Brown graduates wishing to take a course in German Universities. This is the first organization of this kind in America.— *Ex.*

The Western College, of Toledo, Iowa, has advertised that if any person will contribute $100,000 either in cash or securities, the name of the college will be changed to the name of the donor.

A campus containing about seventy thousand acres, with a driveway seventeen miles in length is connected with the new Leland Stanford Univresity at Palo Alto, Cal.

The supreme court has decided that the Sheffield Scientific School need not pay taxes, even on property not actually in use, so long as the income from it is employed in the promotion of science.

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"He would write sonnets to her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, which he would immediately cast into the fire."

"She wore a pair of dilapitated shoes on her feet, which by a great deal of shuffling she persuaded to stay on."

"This small boy was clad in tight fitting trousers and a Jersey jacket from which emerged a pair of very blue eyes."

A bona fide translation by a Sophomore of a passage in Phiny:

"And this illustrious man was accustomed to draw his sword, to perforate his breast, to draw forth the knife and make porridge of his wife, while she added, in her immortal and almost divine voice, "Peter, do not grieve."

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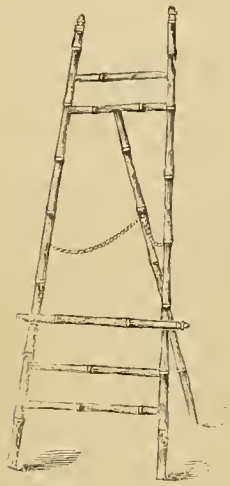

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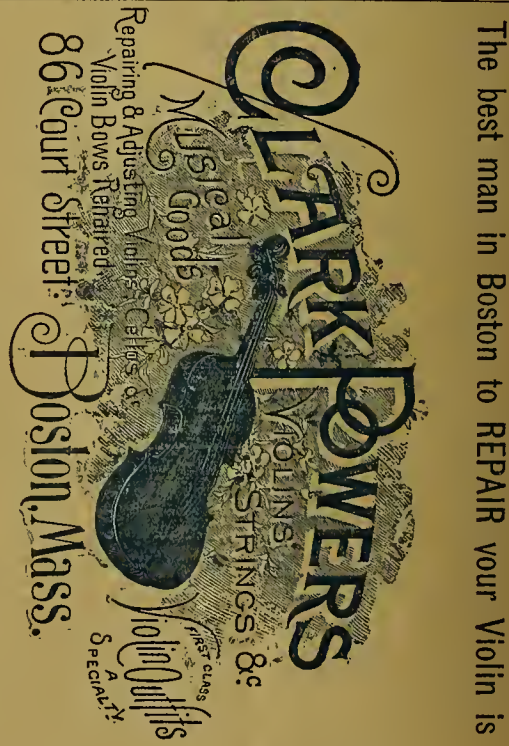


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